THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1804.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. LXXX.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

He who has mingled much among fashionable young men, cannot but have observed by what variety of modes the esteem is enforced, or the heart is assailed—while one commands the attention of his associates, by the splendour of his genius, the extent of his mental acquirements, the loudness of his voice, by the frequency of his invitations to dinner, or of his cards to a tea-party, another finds his passport to the fashionable circle by his eccentricity or his personal charms; by the shortness of his vest, or the length of his purse; or he builds his success on the mildness of his temper, or the manliness of his conduct. Thus a circle is formed of dissimilar materials, and harmony throws her silken chain around their hearts. The sprightliness of one chases the gloom from the brow of another, while the polite propriety of conduct in a third, corrects the familiarity, which, if indulged without controul, might degenerate into contempt.

For a considerable period, Mr. Saunter, I have been one of a club, in which, if genius and talents be strangers, the social affections have ever been cherished—yet, among us, there are possibly no two minds or dispositions, which have been cast in the same mould. The various qualities of the heart and of the mind, are found in our club-room, and experience has discovered them to mingle together with as much facility and relish, as oil and vinegar, mustard, egg and salt are made to unite in the sallad-tureen by the skilful cookery of one of the most *useful* of our members. The pun and the joke fly round with the bottle, and in all matters which may affect the existence of the club, we unite with the same harmony, that we join in the chorus of a jovial song.

Good nature, or a tacit consent to be the standing target for the arrows of wit, is the passport by which *Quietus* found admittance—*Versatile* unites occasionally in sentiment with each of the members. If his oysters be fried, they are hard of digestion, and if raw, they are insipid,—when they are roasted, they are smoked, and if they be stewed, he curses Count Rumford, and orders them to the '*soup-house*'—My friend *Absens*, amuses with his mistakes—he takes the beer-can for the snuff-box, and his neighbour's pun for his own—He interrupts a story by a call for the waiter, and sometimes surprises us by an essay on wedlock.—*Classicus* maintains his station by quotations from Horace, and criticises turtle-soup by the regulation of a Spartan broth-club—he sometimes drinks more than is needful that he may vociferate '*nunc est bibendum*,' and empties a duck of its stuffing, while he exclaims, '*in medias res*'—'*Odi profanum vulgus*,' makes him rail at democracy, and when he is hoarse '*vox faucibus hæret*.'—The impetuosity of *Ardens* is seldom censured, for he never spills his wine on his neighbour's breeches, when he can throw it between his own lips—If he break a decanter, he will pay for it himself, and he d—ns the waiter to indulge his own feelings, in throwing him a dollar—But my sprightly friend '*Ambiguus*' is a professed punster, and is contented to rest his success on his felicity in the science of punning.—Hard words in his mouth are tortured into as many forms, as '*clay in the hands of the potter*.' There have been many expressions used at the club, which passed for sentences of *no meaning*, until *Ambiguus* discovered *two* for them. If a noisy member, exhilarated by wine, attempt to usurp the *head* of the table, my friend insists he should be at the *foot*,—and if a young lady be toasted in *beer*, *Ambiguus* demands that she should be drunk in *good spirits*. There is scarcely the name of a female toasted at the supper table, which his ingenuity has not changed into another, and possibly from this felicity in changing ladies' names, he has become so much their favourite. If a member call for *beer*, *Ambiguus* is sure it will *carry* him to *his grave*, and when I ask for *pickle*, he exclaims '*God preserve you*'.—At the supper table *celery*, is alway a *standing* pun, and a *tongue* is sure to put that of *Ambiguus* in motion, and when we feast upon *lobsters*, he says that our host should not *insert the claws in the bill*. Last night the stove was called a *ten-plated* one, because the waiter had put that number of plates on it to be heated. *Ambiguus* is not only a punster himself, but is the cause of punning in others. Some evenings since my friend *Quietus* was unluckily engaged in an argument, and being assailed by a strong dilemma, he declined further dispute, observing that he was *cooped* up. This was not intended for a pun, and therefore *Ambiguus* was hasty in calling him a *chicken*—*Classicus* declared it was a *foul* pun—*Ardens* insisted it was fair, and ordered *Classicus* not to *pull it* to pieces. This was considered a *merry thought*, and of course excited a loud laugh, which *Ambiguus* lengthened by desiring us not to *crow* so loud.

This detail of the mode of passing an hour may possibly soften the severity of old maids, who in some unguarded moment, may have reproached us with dissipation, and satisfy them that they are not made the objects of our levity, when fresh topics are offered for our meriment.

QUIXOTE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CLIMENOLE.

A REVIEW, POLITICAL AND LITERARY.—NO. 2.

Memorabilia democratica, or the history of democracy. Containing a full and true account of that venerable science. Interspersed with anecdotes, characters and speeches of eminent democrats, ancient and modern. Ornamented with thirty engravings of American democrats, by Slaveslap Kiddnap, Esq. Foolscap, 2 vols. 4to. pp. 1651

Washington, printed by Samuel H. Smith, for Duane and Cheetham, and Adams and F. Blake, proprietors of the work.

In my last, I promised to lay before the public, all the information I possessed concerning the publication and the suppression of the work I have undertaken to examine. This I shall now attempt, with that simplicity, which is the proper dress of truth. And, being well aware how impostors have multiplied, of late, and how many writers, for party and ambitious purposes, have assumed characters, which in no wise belonged to them: I shall be careful to say nothing for which I am not willing to vouch, in the most public manner; and for the authenticity of which I am not able to produce the most ample testimonials; and, if need be, both witnesses and certificates: it being my firm resolution, to follow the example of Mr. Jefferson, in his appendix to his Notes on Virginia, touching the murder of Logan's family; and to place no reliance upon my own character for veracity; but in support of every fact, which shall be controverted, to publish a pamphlet, containing, like his, fifty octavo pages, and "present to the public, in the form of letters, certificates and affidavits, as they came to me, fragments of evidence, the small remains of a mighty mass, which time has consumed."

The work under review, came into my hands in the following manner. Having had occasion, to reside at Washington, on private business during the winter, in the beginning of the year 1802—I took lodgings, by accident, at the hotel where a great number of the leading democratic members of congress resided: and notwithstanding I differed from them in politics, yet, as they were, for the most part, companionable fellows, not at all addicted to abstruse speculations, and, particularly the Virginians, rare lovers of whiskey toddy and nogg; and being myself not averse to a cheerful glass of those liquors: I passed my time, for the most part, pleasantly enough—nothing more being necessary to make oneself agreeable to these gentlemen, than to drink healths to Mr. Jefferson, damnation to the excise, and to play at all fours. To which sacrifice, for the sake of the liquor and of peace, and withal, from a wish not to offend, I did submit:—a conduct, which, considering the company, the times and the temptation, none, except very flaming federalists, will, I trust, condemn. One of Mr. Smith's the printers devils, was a regular attendant at our hotel, coming daily, after congress hours, with waste paper, consisting, principally, of old newspapers and proof-sheets, which he was accustomed to sell, in great quantities, to the democratic members, for their special accommodation. This assistance I found most salutary and necessary to these gentlemen; inasmuch as they seldom returned from congress hall, without having their animal economy in a most deranged and turbulent state;—for being hard pressed by the federalists, and also gagged by the votes of their own party, the noxious humours, which used to vapour through the mouth, were driven to other channels. *Qua data porta ruunt.*

In these emergencies, Mr. Smith's supply was always timely, and the demand was so urgent, that as I was told, by good authority, no

only the offals of his shop, but whole edition of democratic publications, which lay heavy on his hand, were worked off in this way. Looking one day into the basket of Mr. Smith's boy, my eye was caught by a proof-sheet of the title to a work, which seemed new and interesting, and finding, on a short examination, the performance not a whit behind its promise, I bought the whole basket load, and afterwards, from time to time obtained, by the assistance of the boy, the residue of the work, in proof sheets, loose, as they came from the press. I was the more pleased at this incident, as I was assured by the boy, that only two or three and those head, democrats, were in the secret of the publication, and that it was intended to be produced on a sudden, just before the elections, which were about to ensue, on which, it was expected it would have the most important effects. I had not however, enjayed my good fortune long, when the boy came to me, in great agitation, conj uring me not to inform his master, that he had been instrumental in furnishing me with the work. "For, as far as I can gather," said he, "it is to be suppressed. My master was closeted, almost all yesterday, with a short, ill-looking, spindle-shanked fellow, in black, and last night, all the journeymen were employed in delivering the edition entire, to some unknown hands, who have taken it away." Having removed the apprehensions of the boy, and moreover made him a proper pecuniary compliment, he went away satisfied. I was soon after called from Washington, and brought my prize, the work, under review, away with me, which has ever since remained in my hands, without any disclosure of its contents, exept to a few select frlends. I know that for this concealment, and for thus appropriating, to my euclusive use, for so long time, a treasure in some sense, belonging to the public, I shall be exposed to the malignity of the censorious. But I look for protection, to the candid and judicious. My situation in relation to Mr. Kiddnap, was very delicate. Notwithstanding frequent solicitations, I could never obtain his permission to use the advantage fortune had put into my power. What his engagements were with those, at whose instance, he had undertaken to suppress his publication, I was ignorant. To use, as my own, what had the appearance of being another's property, was difficultly reconciled with those strict notions of justice, in which I had been educated; and to involve an innocent man, from whose talents I had received so much delight, in penalties and forfeitures, of the nature and extent of which, I was not apprised, seemed altogether to militate with that excellent sentence of morality, which teaches to do unto others, as we would wish them to do unto us. But the arguments and urgency of friends, whose casuistry is not less correct than their patriotism is ardent, have overcome these scruples. I have been convinced, that what has once issued from the press, is the undoubted property of the public. My lawyers also assure me, that by a fair *bona fide* sale, *in market overt*, for such, say they, the basket of Mr. Smithe's boy, was a legal property, has been vested in me, which even the author cannot controul: and that if Mr. Kiddnap sustains any inconvenience, consequent upon his engagements to suppress the publication, he, alone, will be the sufferer; such being what they term *damnum absque injuria*.

I have thus faithfully communicated to the public, the circumstances by which I became possessed of this work. Conformably to my engagements, I should now proceed to make the extracts, I have promised, if I did not think it will be gratifying a very natural and laudable curiosity, first to make my readers acquainted, with all the information I have been able to collect concerning the author, from whose labours they are about to receive so much pleasure and instruction. Here it would be an abundant gratification both to me and the public, if I were able to bring, in Mr. Jefferson's manner, half a dozen neighbours to swear to the particulars of his birth, breeding, and qualities. This kind of satisfaction on a disputed point, being very desirable; to say nothing of the great number of captious and legal forms, which this method involves, which add mightily to the ease of the writer, and no less to his emolument; swelling the book, immoderately, at little, or no, intellectual expense. But, notwithstanding I have done my best to become acquainted with Mr. Kiddnap, my endeavours have not yet been attended with success. He has cautiously avoided answering one of the many letters, I have addressed to him, through the mail, on the subject of this publication. Whether his silence be occasioned by that oppressive modesty, which is often the companion of real desert, or whether he is apprehensive that any reply might be construed into an encouragement of this publication, I am wholly in the dark. All that I have been able, with my utmost research, to learn is, that soon after suppressing his works, he went away from Washington; not that I would suggest, that, like Mr. Wood, he absconded on this account. But, doubtless, he has retired, to enjoy, in the bosom of his family, the fruits of those exertions, which, as they were deprived of their honours, were, probably, proportionably lucrative.

With respect to the family of the Kiddnaps, my correspondents assure me, it is very numerous throughout all the ancient dominion. The founders of it were famous, in the infancy of that colony, for a species of patriotic labour, which the term indicates; and which, as it was a cheap mode of introducing a very convenient kind of property, into the country, was always popular and honourable, but of late has come to be considered one of the chief exercises of patriotism, and to be holden in the highest estimation, since Virginia has been able, by means of her black votes, to lord it over the whiter parts of the union.

To this patriotic energy, our authors' family owe their patronymic. To another highly useful talent, he is indebted for his name of baptism; which expresses with much simplicity and neatness, a very necessary operation in raising fine crops of tobacco, the staple of the country, and is never given, except to children, who exhibit, in their infancy such a solid texture of muscle and sternness of temperature, as qualify them for good negro drivers. The operation, in question, being performed by a certain instrument of agriculture, called, in the eastern states, a cat-o-nine tails, but in Virginia, it has acquired a much more homely appellation, which, for the sake of delicacy, omit. With this, the operator ploughs as deep into the naked back of his subject, as, in his opinion, may be necessary for the good of the tobacco; and, as in this, he proceeds without judge or jury, and is regulated solely by his sense of his own interest, which, in most minds, is very active, a good cultivator seldom permits a season to pass without turning up furrows, to the bone. The only limit, the wisdom of the law imposes, being that he stop short of death. An event, since the weight of slaves has been experienced, in the national elections, universally deprecated by all Virginia patriots. 'This practice says our author,' in his ninth chapter of the work under review 'is very laudable, and should never be overlooked by any scientific inquirer into the causes of the greatness of my native state. For who can hear the great Jefferson in his notes on Virginia, enumerating, what he calls '*the real destinations which nature has made*,' without being convinced that negroes are nothing more than animated instruments of agriculture, and that of consequence he is the best citizen, who makes them produce, in a given period, most to the commonwealth? For '*whether*,' says that great man, '*the black of the negro resides in the reticular membrane, between the skin and the scarf skin, or in the scarf skin itself; whether it proceed from the colour of the blood, the colour of the bile or from that of some other secretion, the difference is fixed in nature.* He next shows, that not only '*colour, figure and hair, but other physical distinctions prove a difference of race. They have less hair on the face and body. They secrete less by the kidneys, and more by the glands. Their odour is very strong and disagreeable. They are more tolerant of heat and less of cold than the whites. The difference in the structure of the pulmonary apparatus, their disposition to sleep, the transient nature of their griefs, their ardour for the female*,' and other proofs of a difference, which that great philosopher recapitulates ought never to be obliterated from the memory of Virginia patriots; who owe him, indeed, the highest honours, for that glorious conclusion, which is the result of this philosophical inquiry into the negro nature, and which he couches in the following terms. '*These unfortunate differences are powerful obstacles to the emancipation of these people, and a lover of natural history, one, who views the gradations in all the races of animals, with the eye of philosophy, will excuse an effort to keep those in the department of man as distinct as nature has formed them.* In other words, which is the plain meaning of this whole disquisition. *Slavery is not less consonant to the law of nature, than it is to the law of Virginia.* Glorious Jefferson! immortal philosopher! devinedly art thou the delight of Virginia; the pride of the whole ancient dominion.'

The importance of the foregoing extract will, I trust, be a sufficient apology for this short digression. I will no longer disappoint the expectations of the public, but in my next number present some extracts in detail from this interesting work.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEANE, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

[Continued.]

Madrid, July 24, 1780.

Dear Sir,

I confess myself very remiss in not answering your favour of the 21st ult. sooner. The remove of the court from Arangues to this city, and a bilious disorder which hath oppressed me more than a month, and which still afflicts me, hath in part been the reason. I have no news to communicate to you, which can console you for our late misfortunes; I can assure you however, that they do not deject me. Per aspera ad astra, heaven doth not intend to exempt us from the adversities, which have befallen other nations, who struggled for their liberty, by giving us almost full and instantaneous enjoyment of it. I have full confidence in the perseverance of our countrymen, they will I hope act with more vigour, in consequence of their misfortunes. I have recived letters from America, dated in the end of April, and the first of May, which speak of the loss of Charleston as certain, and which foresee other successes of the enemy in the northern states, but which make no dispondence. I shall pay implicit obedience to the request you make me, with respect to your family, and you may rely upon me, when I tell you that as long as

have any influence, or any friends in the councils of America, that they shall not want strenuous advocates, and this letter will always be a memento that would put me to the blush, should I be deficient in a promise, which I think myself even in justice to my country, obliged to endeavour to fulfill in the best manner possible. The Spanish, or rather allied fleet hath returned to Cadiz, except a few vessels which cruize near that port. The Ct. D 'Estaing is expected at St. Ildephonso in about a week, the count being now at that place, I go there this week. I see that the courier of Europe mentions that Mr. Jay hath received his longe, &c. &c. not a word of truth, the English papers sent our commissioners from France frequently, yet a treaty was made by these same longed commissioners. I have received your cypher safe, begin when you please your observations on men and things. I shall be much obliged to you, to separate and seal up all the letters you have ever received from me, unless it be this, under a cover for me, which in case of death, which heaven forbid, you will direct to be delivered to my orders.

My best compliments to your family, and Messrs. De Neufville, and believe me ever

Your friend and servant.

W. C.

P. S. If you meet with Colonel Brice of Maryland, in Holland, treat him as a friend on my account.

—

Passy, July 28, 1780.

Dear Sir,

I wrote to Messrs. De Neufville by the last post in answer to theirs of the 14th, I hope they received my letter, it signified that I could accept the bills, drawn on Mr. Laurens. I find by a note of Congress on the 4th of March, that they then stopt drawing, and I am informed no more bills have been issued since. I could not relish those gentleman's proposals of mortgaging all our estates, for the little money Holland is likely to lend us. But I am obliged to them for their zeal in our cause.

I received and thank you for the protest relating to the election of the coadjutor. You seem to be too much affected with the taking of Charleston. It is so far a damage to us, as it will enable the enemy to exchange a great part of the prisoners we had in our hands, otherwise their affairs will not be much advanced by it. They have successively been in possession of the capitals of five provinces, viz. Massachusetts bay, Rhode-Island, Pennsylvania, New-York, and Georgia; but were not therefore in possession of the provinces themselves. New-York and Georgia still continue their operations as free states, and so I suppose will S. Carolina. The cannon will be recovered with the place; if not, our furnaces are constantly at work in making more. The destroying of our ships by the English, is only like shaving our beards which will grow again. Their loss of provinces, is like the loss of limb, can never again be united to their body. I was sorry to hear of your indisposition. Take care of yourself. Honey is a good thing for obstructions in the reins. I hope your health is by this time re-established.

I am less committed than you imagine in the affair between Jones and Landais. The latter was not dispossessed by me of his command, but quitted it. He afterwards took into his head to resume it, which the former's too long stay at Paris, gave him an opportunity of effecting. Captain Jones is going in the Ariel frigate to America, where they may settle their affairs as they can.

The captain Cormu of Dunkerque, who occasioned the loss of our dispatches, is himself taken by the English. I have no doubt of the truth of what Mr. White told you about the facility with which the tax was collected.

That same Baron de Wulffen has not pleased me, having left little debts behind him unpaid, though I furnished him with twenty guineas. As he had been with his brother at Verlo, before he saw you, where he might get money, I wonder at his borrowing of you.

I thank you for the vote of Congress you send me, dated the 23d of March. I imagine 484, went in that vessel to 533, and may have been detained there for convoy.

Your dispatches by M. Gillon, are in the Alliance, which sailed the 7th or 9th instant.

This will be delivered to you by his Excellency John Adams Esqr. whom I earnestly recommend to your best civilities. He has never been in Holland, and your counsels will be of use to him.

My best wishes attend you, being ever, dear Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant.

B. Franklin.

—

Passy, August 1, 1780.

Sir,

The bearer of this, Mr. Appleton, is lately arrived from Boston. He is recommended to me as a young gentleman of excellent character, and, as such, I beg leave to introduce him to your acquaintance and civilities.

With great esteem, I am ever, dear Sir, your most obedient, and most humble servant,

B. Franklin.

M. Dumas.

—

Amsterdam, September 3, 1780.

Dear Sir,

I have this moment the pleasure of yours of the 3d instant, and I thank you for your kind congratulations on the glorious news of the capture of the British fleet for the East and West Indies, by the combined fleets of France and Spain, and especially the value of the property, the number of soldiers and seamen, and especially the disappointment to the English fleet and armies, and merchants in the East and West Indies, and in North America, gives a great importance to this event. But when we consider it as a precedent, it is more interesting still. This is the only wise method of warring with Great Britain. When France and Spain shall adopt the policy of convoying their own commerce, and cruizing for that of the enemy, this war will soon be brought to a conclusion. Such a capital success, in one of their first essays, will be likely to convince the two courts, as well as their marine officers, of the utility of this measure, and induce them to pursue it: which I wish with all my heart.

America would rejoice at your news, as well as at the sight of the messenger: but by a letter from London of the twenty-ninth ult. it seems that her own cruizers have done a similar favour to the Quebec fleet.

Two vessels are arrived here, one from Virginia, and one from Philadelphia. Their accounts are favourable. Kniphausen has been defeated in the Jersies, and has retreated to New-York, as you will see by the letters of generals Washington and Green.

I saw with pleasure the revival of the American philosophical society at Philadelphia, and the establishment of an academy of arts and sciences at Boston. In a new country, and a young society, such institutions are, perhaps, more useful and necessary, than in older nations. But in order to render them more useful to the world, would it not be proper to promote some connection and correspondence between them and the academies of Europe? Would it be unworthy of any academy in Europe to send these infant societies a set of their printed memoirs or transactions? Science and literature are of no party nor nation: they belong to the great commonwealth of mankind.

I hope that one of the first objects of the new societies in America will be the formation of botanical gardens, and collections of the birds, beasts, and fishes, as well as trees and plants, which are peculiar to this country, in order to a natural history of it. An ample field this!

I am very happy, sir, at Amsterdam: and uncertain when I shall leave it. When I return, I promise myself the pleasure of seeing you at the Hague, but I shall be likely to come upon you unexpected.

Is it not wonderful that it does not occur to the friends of England in the United Provinces, that the best method they can take to shew their friendship to her is to convince her of her error. She is rushing, like a mad woman, down a precipice. Is it either humanity or friendship to spur her on?

I am amazed that avarice itself does not stimulate the misers who lend her money to stop their hands. If this war is continued but two years longer, these misers will lose their money. The only chance English credit has for salvation is to stop short, make peace, acknowledge American independence, and secure as great a share as she can of American commerce, before it becomes established in other channels, in two years more it will import little to American commerce whether Great Britain or not.

Can it be friendship to England to fill the universe with the most abominable lies, in order to keep up a false idea of her power, and the weakness and distress of America?

I am, sir, with sincere esteem, your friend and humble servant,

John Adams.

Mr. Dumas.

[To be continued.]

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF DODSLEY.

[The life of Dodsley, like the life of Lackington, is memorable for a similarity of early adventure. Both were indigent, both obscure, but by economy, diligence, perseverance and enterprise, both rose to affluence and consideration. Both too, unsatisfied with selling books, aspired to the renown of composing them; and their volumes have instructed some, and amused more. Of Dodsley it certainly is no trivial praise that one of his earliest performances was written with so much felicity, and was at once so polished, and brilliant that the courtly Chesterfield, was the reputed author. His 'Toy-shop' is replete with precious gems, and exhibits no French paste of factitious lustre. But the merit of Dodsley as an editor of good books and an encourager of literary merit is perhaps still greater, than as an author. His annual Register, whose editor was Burke, his Preceptor for which Johnson wrote the elaborate preface and his collection of Poems, which contained some of the finest effusions of modern wit, are lasting monuments of his judgment and taste.]

Robert Dodsley was born at Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire, in 1703. The humble situation and circumstances of his parents precluded him from the advantages of a liberal education; and his first setting out in life was in the station of a footman to the Honourable Mrs. Lowther, in which his good conduct and abilities soon brought him into notice.

In this humble sphere of life he wrote several poems, which excited so much attention, that he was encouraged to publish them under the title of '*The Muse in Livery.*' The collection is very little known; but it was printed in 12mo. had a very handsome list of subscribers prefixed to it, and was dedicated to Mrs. Lowther.

He was for some time footman to Dartineuf, the luxurious voluptuary, and intimate friend of Pope; and it is greatly to his honour, that he was not unwilling that his low station in the family of that epicure should be recollected, when he had raised himself to competency and affluence.

'When Lord Lyttleton's 'Dialogues of the Dead' came out, says Dr. Johnson, as reported by Mr. Boswell, 'one of which is between Apicius, an ancient epicure and Dartineuf, a modern epicure, Dodsley said to me, 'I knew Dartineuf well, for I was once his footman.'

What contributed still more to his reputation, was his writing a dramatic piece, called *The Toy-Shop*, built on Randolph's celebrated comedy, called 'The Muses' Looking-Glass,' 4to, 1638; which being shown in manuscript to Pope, he was so well pleased with the delicacy of its satire, and the simplicity of its design, that he took the author under his protection; and though he had no connection with the theatres, procured him such an interest as ensured its being immediately brought on the stage.

It was acted at Covent Garden theatre, in 1735, with very great success, and when printed, was received with much applause by the public. The hint of it is taken from Randolph's play; but he has so perfectly modernized it, that he has made it perfectly his own, and rendered it one of the justest, and at the same time the best natured rebukes that fashionable absurdity perhaps ever met with. It contains many lively, pointed, and satirical strokes on the vices and follies of the age; the characters are distinct and appropriate; and though it is better calculated for the closet than the stage, it is still received with no small applause.

Pope's warm and zealous patronage of Dodsley is noticed in a malignant epistle from Curll, to that celebrated poet, in 1737.

> 'Tis kind a *Livery Muse* to aid,
> Who scribbles farces to augment his trade,
> When you, and Spence, and Glover drive the nail,
> The devil's in it, if the plot should fail.

The world has long been ruled by an opinion which is not yet entirely removed, that talents and prudence are incompatible qualities; that it is not easy for a man to be a wit without mortgaging his estate; and that a poet must necessarily be in debt, and live in a garret.

It was Dodsley's good fortune to prove, if any proof were wanting, that a man's cultivating his understanding is no impediment to improving his fortune, and that it is very possible for a man to be an author, without neglecting business.

The pecuniary advantages which Dodsley had derived from his first publication, and from the success of his *Toy-Shop*, were applied by him to a very wise and useful purpose. Instead of adopting the precarious situation of a town writer, he determined to engage in some profitable business; and the business he fixed upon was happily suited to his literary taste, and favourable to his connection with men of learning.

In 1735, he opened a bookseller's shop in Pall-Mall; and such was the effect of Pope's recommendation and assistance, and of his own good character and behaviour, that he soon obtained not only the countenance of persons of the first abilities, but also of those of the first rank; and in a few years he rose to great eminence in his profession.

His shop became the fashionable resort of persons of literature and rank; and he reckoned Chesterfield, Lyttleton, Spence, Glover, Shenstone, Dr. Johnson, and other distinguished characters, in the number of his friends.

His employment as a bookseller did not prevent his pursuing the bent of his genius as an author. In 1737, he brought on the stage at Drury-Lane theatre, a farce called *The King and the Miller of Mansfield*, which met with very great success. The plot of the piece is founded on a traditional story in the reign of Henry II; of this story he had made a very pleasing use, and wrought it out into a truly dramatic conclusion. The dialogue is natural, yet elegant; the satire poignant, yet genteel; the sentiments are such as do honour to both his head and heart; and the catastrophe, though simple, yet affecting and perfectly just. The scene lies in and near the *Miller's* house in Sherwood Forest, near Nottingham; and he had probably an additional pleasure in the choice of his subject from the connection of it with his native place.

> O native Sherwood! happy were thy bard,
> Might these his rural notes to future times,
> Boast of tall groves that nodding o'er thy plain,
> Rose to their tuneful melody.——

The year following, his Sir John Cockle at Court, a farce, was acted at Drury-Lane. It is a sequel to the King and Miller of Mansfield, in which, the miller newly made a knight, comes up to London with his family, to pay his compliments to the king. It is not, however, equal in merit to the first part; for though the king's disguising himself, in order to put Sir John's integrity to the test, and the latter's resisting every temptation, not only of bribery, but of flattery, is ingenious, and gives an opportunity for many admirable strokes of satire, yet there is a simplicity and fitness for the drama in the turn of the former production, which it is scarcely possible to come up to in the circumstances that arise from the conduct of Sir John Cockle at Court.

The Miller of Mansfield, and its sequel, exhibits an interesting contrast between the unadorned solidity of country manners, and the splendid vices of a court; the blunt honesty of a miller, and the slender importance of a monarch without his attendants, in a sequestrated spot, and in midnight darkness. It has several pleasing songs, which from some of them continuing still to be popular, must have merit.

His next dramatic performance was The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green, a ballad farce, which, according to Mr. Victor, was acted at Drury-Lane, in 1739-40, but Mr. Reed says in 1741, but without much success. It is on the same story with Day's comedy of 'The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green,' 4to, 1659.

In 1744, he published A Collection of Plays, by old Authors, in 12 vols. 12mo. which was a valuable acquisition to the literary world. It has been highly improved in the second edition, published by Mr. Reed, in 1780; in which, besides an excellent preface, and very useful notes, some plays before inserted are rejected, and others of greater merit are introduced in their room.

In 1745, he produced a dramatic piece, called *Rex et Pontifex*, 8vo., being an attempt to introduce upon the stage a new species of pantomime. It does not, however, appear to have been represented at any of our theatres.

In 1746, he published The Museum, or Literary and Historical Register, in 3 vols. 8vo, to which Dr. Johnson, and other men of genius, were contributors.

In 1748, he collected his several dramatic pieces, which had been separately printed, and published them in one volume 8vo, under the modest title of Trifles.

On the occasion of the singing the treaty of peace, at Aix-la-Chapelle, he wrote The Triumph of Peace, a masque, which was set to music by Dr. Arne, and performed at the theatre in Drury-Lane, in 1748-9.

In 1749, he published that eminently useful school-book, The Preceptor, in 2 vols. 8vo. The design of this work was framed by Dodsley, and the execution of it was accomplished by several of the distinguished writers of the age.

In 1750, he published a small work, which, for a short time had a very great celebrity, under the title of 'The Economy of Human Life, translated from an Indian manuscript, written by an ancient Bramin; to which is prefixed, an account of the manner in which the said manuscript was discovered, in a Letter from an English Gentleman, now residing in China, to the Earl of——.' Besides the apocryphal introduction of this work into the world, it derived a temporary popularity from its being universally ascribed to the Earl of Chesterfield. This supposition was strengthened by a letter that had been addressed to his Lordship by Mrs. Teresa Constantia Philips, in which she had complimented him on being the author of The Whole Duty of Man. She had probably heard an account of the Earl's letters to his son. However this may have been, the power of literary fashion procured the Economy of Human Life a rapidity and extensiveness of sale, and a height of applause which it would not have obtained had it been known to be the production of a bookseller. The work, upon the whole, is not without a considerable share of merit. The subjects are well chosen, the advice is good, the style is succinct and frequently nervous; but it is deficient in that strength and energy, that vividness of imagination, and that luminousness of metaphor, which pervade those parts of scripture that were intended to be imitated, and which occur in the genuine oriental writings.

The popularity of Dodsley's performance produced a number of imitations: 'The second part of the Economy of Human Life,' 'Appendix,' 'The Economy of a Winter Day,' 'The Economy of Female Life,' 'The Economy of the Sexes,' 'Complete Economy for the Female-Sex,' 1751, and 'The Economy of the Mind,' 1767.

In 1752, he obliged the lovers of poetry, by the publication of 'A Collection of Poems, by Eminent Hands. vol. 1st, 2d, and 3d, 12mo. Several of his own little pieces are inserted at the close of the 3d volume. The 4th volume of this elegant and valuable miscellany appeared in 1735, and the 5th and 6th volumes, which completed the collection, in 1758. The pieces of which it consists are not all equally valuable; but perhaps a more excellent miscellany is not to be found in any language. By this collection he performed a very acceptable service to the cause of genius and taste, as it has been the means of preserving several productions of merit, which might otherwise have sunk into oblivion. A judicious selection of pieces omitted by Dodsley, was given to the world by the editor of 'A collection of the most esteemed pieces of poetry that have appeared for several years: with variety of originals, by the late Moses Mendez, Esq. and other contributors to Dodsley's collection. To which this is designed as a supplement,' printed for Richardson and Urquhart, in 1 vol. 12mo, 1767, 1770. The world is indebted for a more extensive supplement to Dodsley, to the valuable 'Collections' of Mr. Pearch, in 4 vols. 12mo. 1768, 1770; and of Mr. Nichols, with biographical and historical notes, in 8 vols, 1780, 1782. The collection printed for Urquhart and Richardson is commonly, but erroneously ascribed to Mendez, who died in 1758. His imitations of Spenser, and other poems, are highly deserving of republication, and were originally recommended by the present writer to be inserted in this collection of classical English poetry.

The subject of his next publication was Public Virtue, a didactic poem, which was intended to be comprised in three books, including 1st, Agriculture, 2d, Commerce, 3d, Arts; of this truly useful and valuable undertaking, the first book on Agriculture, was published in 1754, 4to. and was all that was accomplished by Dodsley. It is probable that the reception and sale of the poem did not encourage him to complete his design.

In 1758, he published Melpomene; or, the Regions of Terror and Pity, an Ode, 4to. This ode was eagerly read on its first appearance, and is justly regarded as one of the happiest efforts of his muse.

His next publication was 'The Annual Register, or a View of the History, Politics, and Literature of the year 1758; a very valuable work, which has been continued to the present time.

The same year his Cleone, a tragedy, was acted at the theatre in Covent Garden; and met with very great success. An imperfect hint towards the fable of this tragedy was taken from the 'Legend of St. Genevieve,' written originally in French, and translated into English in the last century, by Sir William Lower. The first sketch of it, consisting then of three acts only, was shown to Pope two or three years before his death, who informed Dodsley, that in his very early youth he had attempted a tragedy on the same subject, which he afterwards destroyed, and he advised him to extend his plan to five acts. It was first offered to Garrick, but he refused it; principally, as it should seem, because it contained no character in which he could have figured himself. To prevent its success, he appeared in a new part on the first night of its appearance. This scheme had no effect; for the play rose about all opposition, and had a long and crowded run; the character of Cleone received every possible advantage from the exquisite performance of Mrs. Bellamy, whose peculiar merit, in this part, contributed, in a great degree, to promote the run of the piece. The prologue was written by Mr. Melmoth, and the epilogue by Mr. Shenstone.

[*To be continued.*]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LEVITY.

[The numerous victims of the present fashionable nakedness excite, at once, pity and indignation. With a view to correct this folly, during the present severe weather, which, indeed, ought alone to work a reformation, the following essay was written. The wit and genius of our correspondent sparkle brilliantly in this playful composition, and we are of opinion that his poignant sarcasms will cause many a coquet to multiply her petticoats, and double her gauze.]

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I was called, not long ago, to attend the funeral of a young lady, who perished in the bloom of life, by a rapid decline. Her disease was attributed, by one of the mourning relatives, to a cold, caught by exposing herself one evening in the present fashionable dress to cold, damp air, under circumstances peculiarly dangerous. 'Poor girl, said Philander, *she mistook her case.*' This pithy declaration, and still more the manner in which it was made, excited curiosity. I, among others, asked an explanation. He smiled, spoke of something else, and then whispered 'come and breakfast at my lodgings to-morrow.'

Though my visit was not very early, I found him in bed. To excuse himself, he said 'I was detained later than usual last evening by a friend, whose health will not suffer by thin petticoats.' This strange apology by no means blunted my curiosity. The same thing from some of my acquaintance would have past as a whimsical gasconade: but Philander is not that sort of man He is rather taciturn than loquacious, and remarkable for the modest deference of his behaviour, especially to the other sex, with whom he is a great favourite, though he is neither handsome in his person, fashionable in his dress, nor sprightly in his conversation.

He declined answering my questions till after the breakfast was set on table. He then sent away his servant, and began as follows. 'What I said yesterday, Eugenius, at the funeral, surprised you. This was natural enough. It referred to circumstances with which you are unacquainted. Perhaps, (said he, after a short pause), it would be as well for mankind that they should be kept a profound secret by the initiated; I have, however, a particular reason for communicating them to you. It can be done most conveniently by anecdotes, respecting the fashionable dress, which I learnt in my late tour through a part of Europe, and which have furnished me since with contemplative amusement, and practical enjoyment. A young lady of rank had received from the bounty of nature an overflow of constitutional sensibility: at the slippery age of fifteen, whenever she saw a handsome man pass by the window, her countenance was animated by a fervid glow, a gentle tremor ran along her frame, her large blue eyes sparkled with uncommon lustre, and were then suffused mild and languid; after a gentle sigh, her tranquillity was restored. Appearances of this sort occurred so often, that they could not escape attention. The experience of a fond mother readily understood those indications of extreme modesty; for such they seemed to her father, and his maiden sister, a slim perpendicular model of sharp cornered chastity, then in her fiftieth year. Mamma was too well bred to contradict her sagacious lord. Prudent women, you know, never open a field for conjecture in which their friends and connections may stumble over any thing unpleasant. But her parental tenderness was alarmed. In the meantime, the susceptible Amanda became every day more and more lovely, as her buds of beauty opened into bloom. Already her swelling hips had exceeded the meagre limit, assigned by statuaries to Diana, and might have served as a model to Titian for the goddess of Love. It was with a view to this as well as to other circumstances, that when Amanda first accompanied her mother to a public place, she appeared with but one petticoat, and that a thin one. To say that she was followed, admired, adored, is needless. This has already been said a thousand times upon similar occasions. Her youth, her beauty, that sweet suffusion of countenance, and the continued play of features, prompted by a mind intelligent, and a sensible heart, were, indeed, irresistible. Some how or other, perhaps from the thinness of her dress, Amanda's secret got wind, and in the luxurious capitals of Europe there is no lack of reapers for the field of gallantry. Mamma was watchful, but even Honour sometimes sleeps. It so happened, that one evening while she was engaged with an agreeable friend in pleasant conversation, Lothario found means, in half an hour's visit, to explain the whole theory of moral sentiment to the tender and delighted Amanda. This lesson had the same effect on his charming scholar, which Virgil supposes to have been produced by the western breeze, *sæpe sine ullis conjugiis, vento gravidæ mirabile dictu!* Mamma, who could justly say, in the language of that charming poet, *non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco*, shortly after these interesting conversations, made a further improvement on the dress of her daughter, so that Amanda came out more beautiful than ever with a short waist, and no petticoat at all!

'By degrees the fashion was followed and understood. Ladies, who had the same feelings, put on the same dress. One of them (who, on some occasion or other, had read medical books), called it the *cool diet*, and insisted on it as the proper treatment for inflammatory cases. Fashions, you know, are generally carried to excess; but that which, in the degree, is proper and becoming to one person, is, in the extreme, ridiculous and even dangerous to others. Not only those ladies, who were conscious of quick sensibility, stript themselves for use, but others, to whom the cool diet was by no means needful, went half naked for *ornament*. Not a few took up the fashion as a symbol.' As a symbol, cried I, how can that be? 'That, (said Philander), is among the mysteries which I mean to communicate. Certain ladies, who, by the warmth of imagination, supply the coldness of constitution, resemble epicures, who take medicines to create appetite. By such persons the most delicate viands are swallowed without relish, and the difference they experience between expectation and reality, leads them to suppose there still remains untasted some precious morsel, which may stimulate their languid organs to enjoyment. But, however it might suit the barefaced luxury of a monarch to offer a premium for the discovery of some new pleasure, the laws of decorum forbid a fashionable woman to hold out direct invitation; and, indeed, such conduct might defeat its own purpose, and rather repel than attract. It was thought, therefore, most advisable to make an ostentatious display of the cool diet, because to those who should consider it as dictated by the consciousness of an irritable organization it would prove a strong incitement, and inspire that enterprising spirit, which conduces to victory both in love and war.

'Thus you see, my dear Eugenius, there are two classes of women, one to whom the ventilating system is necessary, and one to whom it is more than unnecessary. Yet both are the easy objects of gallantry: so that in a country, where women are properly instructed, you may safely consider those who use it as thrown into your arms by the excess of nature, or the extravagance of fancy. There is, indeed, and particularly in this country, a third sort, who follow the fashion, either without knowing what it means, or else as a guard against danger to which they are not exposed. Our poor friend, whom we followed yesterday to the grave, was of this last description, and of course the cool diet occasioned her death.' Of course! said I with astonishment. 'Yes, of course—You have doubtless heard it observed, that if a severe pedagogue be set over a lad of mild and feeble temper, he will infallibly break the boy's spirit; and you must be sensible that the curb which is needful to rein in a fiery courser, will make a dull beast go backward.

'And now, said he, Eugenius, I must tell you my reason for giving this information. I have been here six months. During the first three, I was employed in making observations, for I know, by experience, the importance of beginning well, be the undertaking what it may. During the last three months I have turned my observations to account; and the business grows so fast upon my hands, that I wish for a fellow-labourer in the vineyard.'

I must acknowledge, that, notwithstanding my profound respect for the maxims of the old school, I have dispositions for certain practical doctrines of the new school, which make me desire to blend them a little together in my own conduct, though I would discourage the general prevalence of those heretical opinions. Such being the case, I was not a little charmed with the kind communication of my friend; but the fear of applying, by mistake, to a lady of that third sort which he mentioned, made me desirous of further information. I asked, therefore, how they were to be distinguished from each other.

'In this country, said he, it is a matter of some difficulty, because young Ladies imitate with so little discrimination that frequently what would elsewhere amount to certain proof, is here but slight presumption. I have, therefore, found it best to imitate Sailors who, when they navigate an unknown Sea, always keep the lead agoing, 'Keep the lead agoing; what do you mean by that?' I mean to imitate the blind, and those who walk in the dark. They, you know, must feel their way.' The vacancy of my countenanc shewed that I did not understand him. He smiled at my simplicity, and went on. 'The manners of this country permit a number of what are called innocent familiarities. By closely observing the effect of these when only a spectator, I determine the true sense of other indications, and by the help of those little innocent familiarities, when I become the agent, save a deal of time, which might otherwise be wasted in vows and protestations.'

After conversing together an hour longer upon the same subject, I felt myself in a condition to take the field, if not as a veteran soldier, at least as a promising recruit. If you are acquainted with Ophelia, you must often have admired the rosy warmth of her ripened charms, which, exposed to the visitation of the winds, bid to their keenest blast a proud defiance. My propitious stars so ordered it, that lately, in an evening visit, I found her sitting, or I might say lying, alone on the sofa, which she had drawn before the fire. She had been reading a novel. It was open at a tender scene. We read it together. By accident and instinct my hand took hold of hers. I felt a slight and tremulous compression of her little finger. I placed the dear hand on my heart, which beat a tumultuous alarm. Her cheek was crimsoned. Her eye met the keen gaze of mine. She turned it gently to heaven, and the sigh, half suppress, gave full rotundity to her swelling bosom. My lips were applied in the eager haste of rapturous emotion. She sprung from me, trembled, and, after a few minutes, during which I believe that I looked like a fool, said coldly 'I find, sir, I am much deceived.' I muttered out, as an excuse, I know not what about passion; but as soon as I pronounced that word, she repeated it emphatically, 'passion! which all can feign, but few can feel!' She then stept across the room with such an indignant air, that I was heartily glad to be relieved by the arrival of young Florio. He sparkled, as usual, in the gaiety of the jolly god, but neither of us caught his mirth. Indeed, she seemed a little displeased with his visit, and gave me, unobserved, a look of gentle reproach, which I feel to this moment. Now it happens that my friend Philander is on a tour to the northern and eastern states, and I cannot tell, without his assistance, how it is with me and Ophelia. I thought I had followed his advice, and cast my lead with due skill and industry. Nay, I thought I had good soundings; and, after all, it is but a broken voyage. I am not yet quite up to this business, and, therefore, cannot tell *whether it is she, or I who have mistaken her case.* If you, or one of your experienced correspondents, will explain the matter, you will much oblige, dear sir, yours,

Eugenius.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAHS.

Died, at London, the chevalier de Sainte Croix, a French emigrant, of much celebrity. He was held in high esteem, by the late king of France, and was equally attached to his sovereign; there was a mutual confidence between hem; which subsisted several years. After he peace of 1783, the king intended him for his ambassador to the British court: but the parties and factions, which, at that time, prevailed in the French cabinet, thwarted his majesty's inclination. However, he has, at different times, been *charge des affairs* and ambassador to almost every court in Europe. He spoke the English language with tolerable fluency, and wrote some tracts in the English language. For a short time, he was secretary of state for foreign affairs; but when the king was forcibly brought from Versailles to Paris, he resigned his situation, and soon after came to England. He was held in considerable esteem, by the late ministry, and was often consulted by them. His knowledge and reading, being very extensive, his society was much esteemed, by the superior classes. His personal manners were those of the most polite and well-bred gentleman. He was supported, in England, by the munificence of his friends; and it is believed, he received some elymosinary benefits from persons in England. He bore his misfortunes with singular good temper, and becoming magnanimity. He died in his 60th year.

—

The following is the Inscription on the Tomb of John Travis, Esqr. at Baltimore.

IN MEMORY OF

JOHN TRAVIS,

A NATIVE OF LANCASHIRE, IN ENGLAND,

RESIDENT IN PHILADELPHIA,

WHO DIED IN THIS CITY,

The 10th day of October, A. D. 1803.

TO THE FAITH AND CHARITY OF THE

CHRISTIAN, HE UNITED

THE CIVIL VIRTUES OF THE GENTLEMAN:

FOND, AS A HUSBAND,

INDULGENT, AS A FATHER,

CONSTANT, AS A FRIEND.

READER! HE KNEW NOT AN ENEMY!

SUAVITY GRACED HIS MANNERS,

AFFECTION CHERISHED HIS PERSON:

TRUTH PROMPTED EACH THOUGHT AND ACTION,

RESPECT DIGNIFIED HIS NAME!

—

Dallas's "Percival, or Nature Vindicated, is a work, warmly recommendod by the anti-jacobin reviewers, to the serious attention of all parents and guardians.

The great and avowed objects of the author, are, to rescue moral sentiment from the chains of false shame, to fortify the minds of the fair sex, to expose the wiles of seduction, to give an exalted idea of marriage, to justify the rules of society, and to paint an elevated view of human nature; objects which clearly and justly suggested the second title of the work, "Nature vindicated.—Among the principles of this work, we find, throughout, the rules of society forcibly inculcated. Mr. Dalias, (reader, it is *R. C.* Dallas) therefore, is no jacobin or leveller. The following strong and well-chosen expressions, used by Stormont, must not here be omitted; himself an agonized sufferer, from the successes of one of those agents of hell, against the person of a wife, he might otherwise have lived with in love and mutual bliss.—"Oh seduction! diabolical art! Do not, Percival, think I would wound you, by alluding to the individual instance of it, that has destroyed my happiness. * My apostrophe is aimed at the crime alone. *The devil's first crime was ingratitude; seduction was his second—second in succession, but first and foremost in mischief. By the one, he damned himself alone; by the other, he spread damnation, and blighted every joy.*

The review is concluded in the following words.

We must now take our leave of this pleasing, instructive and well-written performance, with a few remarks on its style.—We can say of this novel, what we have not always an opportunity to say of the productions, in general, which come before us; it is ENGLISH; it is written in the pure language of our country; on that account, were its other merits not allowed to influence our recommendation, we should press it upon the attention of parents, who allow their daughters to read what are called (but are not always so deserving, as his, of the title) good novels. The 97th letter from Percival, to madame de St. Valeri, (miss Coverly) subdued, at length, by reason and reflection, we particularly select from the whole, as one of the most finished, most elegant, and most instructive letters, we ever read in any book whatever. Having said thus much of the work altogether, we have revised our sentiments, and are happy to declare, that we have not said too much.

—

Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Siddons.—In spite of the ill-founded contempt this great man professed to entertain for actors, he persuaded himself to treat Mrs. Siddons with great politeness, and said, when she called on him, and Frank, his servant, could not immediately get a chair, you see, madam, wherever you go, there are no *seats* to be got.

—

In Britain, every man has a right to be tried by his peers—except an authour!

—

John Selden used to say,—marriage is a desperate thing: the frogs in Æsop, were *extreme* wise; they had a great mind to some waters, but they would not leap into the well, because *they could not get out again.*

—

Cowper's opinion of Lavater—I have read most of Lavater's aphorisms; they appear to me some of them, wise, many of them whimsical, a few of them false, and not a few of them extravagant. Nil illi medium—If he finds in a man, the feature or quality that he approves, he deifies him; if the contrary, he is a devil. His verdict is, in neither case, a just one.

—

Many a man, says Dr. South, would have made a very good pulpit, who would have made a very bad figure, if he had been put into it himself.

—

Lawyers. A proclamation was issued on the 6th day of November, and twentieth year of the first James, in which the voters for members of parliament are directed not to choose curious and wrangling lawyers, who seeke reputation, by stirring needless questions.

—

In Aleyn's Hist. London 1638, we find the following:

——A prating lawyer, (one of those which cloud
That *honoured science*) did their conduct take;
He talk'd all law, and the tumultuous croud,
Thought it had been all gospel that he spake.
At length these fools, their common error saw,
A *lawyer* on their side, but not the *law!*

—

No man was ever more able to appreciate the merits of deserving, none mor inclined to expose the errors and deformities of wicked authors, than Doctor SAMUEL JOHNSON;—a

* Whom he at that time supposed to have been the brother of Percival.

name ever dear to the friends of religion and learning; and a writer, whose works, while these handmaids to human wants are held in veneration among men, will never cease to convey admonition to the profligate, and knowledge to the ignorant.

—

The earl of Carlisle, a recent and a youthful poet, has committed a ludicrous blunder in his "Step-mother, Act 2, sc. 1. He informs us, that women express their grief, at the circumstance of a rape, by neighing:

> We soldiers love the roaring of great guns,
> The neighing of war horses and of matrons
> Violated, and all such martial noises.

—

Pun. The following is one of the good Puns that I have met with.

> Judges are Gods, and he who made them so,
> Meant not men should be forc'd to them to go
> By means of *angels*.

It occurrs, in Dr. Donne's 5th satire—The reverend writer plays on the word *angels*, which signifies both a messenger and a coin.

—

A good artist who has long observed the perpetual struggle which *female fashion* has to maintain against her two greatest enemies, *nature* and *convenience*, has contrived an entire new." Dress for Ladies" which while it satisfies the minutest inspection of a lover's eye with the sight of charms hitherto "invisible," or but "dimly seen," is calculated to protect the tender female frame against the rudest attacks of wind and weather it is made of *compleat glass*, the advantages of which must be many and obvious. Ladies, by this means, will carry about with them at once, a *mirror*, and an *emblem*, in which, while they *dress* themselves, they may *study* themselves. Cased in this suit, a lover would as soon think of flying, as offering to be rude, as he would infallibly *cut his finger* in the attempt. Even an invading conqueror would abate something of his impetuosity, and respect the *innocent contents*, for the sake of the dangerous *envelope* which held them. The projector has laid in a stock of glass, to customers of all ranks and degees, as *plate glass for the nobility*, *green glass* for *young maidens*, and *flawed glass* for courtezans.

—

The following is a verbal translation of an Inkmaker's shop Bill in China. From the style and spirit of this article, we are led to believe that a strong resemblance exists between the Chinese, aud the *true Indian*.

SINHONE, the name of the place, where the Ink is manufactured, and whence it derives its name.

Very good Ink, very fine, very old shop, Grandfather, Father, and self make this ink; fine and hard, very hard, pick'd out very fine and black, before and now. Sell very good ink, prime cost is very dear; this Ink is heavy, so is gold; no one can make like it; the others, that make ink do it for money, and to cheat. I only make it good for a name. Plenty of Gentlemen know my Ink; my family never cheat: always a good name. I make Ink for the Emperor, and all the mandarins round. All Gentlemen must come to my shop, and know my name UNGWANCHI LOCEE.

—

A Gentleman sometime since, ascended in a balloon, accompanied by a lady; after having risen to a considerable height, he proposed to salute her; this the lady then refused, adding 'that at any other time, she should not have the least objection *upon earth*.'

—

Taking titles are all the vogue in London Miss Plumptree having lately published *Something New*, a droll author has followed her with three volumes of '*Nothing New*.'

—

The travels of a Comet.—(From the French)—"After having run a considerable career, the Comet quartered itself the first night, between the horns of *Capricorn*.—what a bed! the next night, it reposed itself on the *Dragon's* tail—what a spot! the following evening, it got into company with a minor *Bear*—what a society! it then paid a visit to the heel, the leg of *Hercules!*"

—

In Belturbet church-yard, Ireland, is this inscription—"Here lies *John Higley*, whose father and mother were drowned in their passage from America. Had they both *lived* they would have been *buried here*.

—

THE RANZ DES VACHES OF SWITZERLAND
Translated.

The Ranz des Vaches was inserted in the 6th number of the Port Folio.—Its simplicity recalling, on perusal some days ago, the scenery of a particular part of his former country, induced the gentleman who sends us the following to translate it, while under the influence of that *maladie du pays*, which gave birth to the original. Some of our readers may have seen a translation of it in the Port Folio No. 15.—Notwithstanding which we hope the one we now offer will be thought worthy of notice,

> Oh! when shall I that happy moment prove,
> To see again the objects of my love?
>
> Our lakes and our riv'lets so clear,
> Our hill and our mountains so nigh,
> Our hamlets to mem'ry so dear
> And our vales that with Tempe might vie!
>
> Oh! when shall I that happy moment prove,
> To see agains those happy objects of my love!
>
> When, under the shade of the tree,
> To the sound of the shepherd's soft pipe,
> Shall the sweet Isabella with me
> Dance gayly again by moonlight!
>
> Oh! when shall I that happy moment prove,
> To see again those objects of my love!
>
> My father and mother so dear;
> My brothers and sisters so kind;
> My lambs and my flocks that were there;
> My charmer so long left behind!
>
> Oh! when shall I that happy moment prove,
> To see again those objects of my love? D.
>
> [*Anti-Democrat.*

—

It is said that the committee of our legislature who *unanimously* adopted a resolution to call three of the judges of the Supreme court before them to answer certain charges brought against them by Thomas Passmore, have reconsidered their resolution, and determined merely to call Thomas Passmore and his witnesses before them, in order to procure their testomony. Probably somebody has kindly told these sage legislators whet they did not know themselves, that they have no power to compel the appearance of judges to answer to any accusation whatever.

[*Gaz. U. S.*

—

The National Intelligencer of the 27th, has the following paragraph.

The Members of Congress Dine together to-day, and next week give a *Ball*, in celebration of the acquisition of Louisiana. This example will, we have no doubt, be generally followed by the citizens of the United States, who appreciate, as highly as their Representatives, this great event.

[*ib.*

Married lately in New Hampshire, Mr. William *Longfellow to* Miss Elizabeth *Short*.—There are some good matches, some bad matches, and even some happy matches; but this may be said to be *no match* at all.

—

THE RULE OF RIGHT.

If the United States have lost, say, a hundred thousand dollars by Mr. Jefferson's putting Mr. Livingston into Mr. Harrison's office without any necessity or good cause, ought not so fine a patriot and philosopher as Mr. Jefferson to pay the loss himself?—Or, if he should be President another four years, and it should be stopped out of his salary, which is twenty-five thousand dollars a year, would no 25,000 dollars multiplyed by 4, the number of years, produce, according to the rule of three, 100,000 dollars, the exact amount of the judgment already obtained against Mr. Livingston at the suit of the United States. [*Fred. Her.*

A PUZZLE.

Mr. Jefferson, we find by the papers, has appointed a person to the office of District attorney of New-York, which office we know was held by Edward Livingston, Esq. Now we want some democratic printer to tell us, what has become of Mr. Livingston, and what is the meaning of thisnew appointment. Can it be that Mr. Livingston is dismissed from office? And if so, for what? Why all this silence about the matter? Why can't we get one word about it from the Jeffersonians? And why won't they open their—

'poor, poor dumb mouths
And bid them speak.' [*ibid.*

—

Examining the fragments of writing which have come down to us from the times of monkish darkness, when the human understanding, as well as conscience, was kept in fetters, and the churchmen of the day contrived to make a monopoly of learning, by shutting out, as far as they could, the laity from the use of letters, we find a most deplorable want of that sententious wisdom, which distinguished the latter end of Paganism, and of that wit, which has rendered the face of the civilized world so illustrious since the revival of learning—or, to use the words of Dr. Johnson, 'Since learning triumph'd o'er her barbarous foes.' All was, during that time, quaint quibble, or miserable conceit, and those continued for a long time afterwards to be affected by the greatest men. Shakspeare now stands a signal instance of it. Sometimes, however, we find a lucky thought in the rubbish of those times, and among those we consider one which has been noticed by Lord Bacon. 'One of the *Fathers*, says his Lordship, saith that there is this difference between the death of old men and young men: that old men go to death, and death comes to young men.' [*Charleston Courier.*

—

Some years since, a gentleman in Scotland observed a post boy, and another lad, dismount from their horses, and proceed to playing quoits. The gentleman could not contain his indignation at this neglect of an important duty, but rode up and exercised his whip on the *post boy*. The other lad begged not to be treated in the same way, as he 'was ONLY *an express*!' [*ib.*

—

Among other instances of deviation from instinct, mentioned in a late British publication, is that of a buck rabbit. A spaniel dog and a cat were in the same house with him; and they all ate and slept together. They were often seen before the fire, the dog at the bottom, the cat over him, and the rabbit stretched across the cat.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In numbers tun'd to unaffected woe,
To thee, dear maid, I bid my sorrows flow,
Convinc'd within thy feeling breast to find
The balm of comfort for a weary mind.
Oh! what extatic pleasures fir'd my soul,
While o'er our heads the down-wing'd moments stole,
And love light hovering in the fragrant air,
To give a zest to every joy was there!
What though no more I clasp my Hannah's charms
In the fond circle of a lover's arms,
What though no more ambrosial sweets I sip
From the rich ruby of her smiling lip,
What though no more the languish of her eye,
Her head declin'd, and gently heaving sigh,
Bless my fond sight, and firm assurance prove
That her fair soul is form'd for tenderest love;
While now cold Prudence, with a cautious air,
Moves me reluctant from the melting fair,
Yet all these pleasures could I well resign,
Convinc'd her heart, her yielding heart, is mine,
Did but a constant correspondence prove
The dear memorial of unalter'd love:
But ah! while now through each revolving day
My breast accuses loitering love's delay,
How can I fancy's mournful views controul,
Or check the fears that agitate my soul?
Can she be wavering?—no—the thought I scorn,
Of jealousy and frantic passion born—
Oh! jealousy, thy cold, reverted eye,
Thy heaving bosom, and thy ponderous sigh,
I will not own;—all tyrant as thou art,
Thou shalt not lord it o'er my faithful heart.
But, O my soul! whence these foreboding fears?
Whence that deep sigh, and whence these streaming tears?
Does dire disease with tottering step advance,
And in her bosom fix his burning lance?
Methinks I see her mournful friends around,
And catch her sorrows' lamentable sound.
Through the lone day these griefs my thoughts employ,
And chase each faint, each fleeting sense of joy.
And round my couch at night, (the couch of pain),
Sad fancy's terrors rise renew'd again;
Grief's pallid train my shudd'ring soul affright,
And forms unusual burst upon my sight;
Methinks with thee thro' aromatic groves
I stray, surrounded by the laughing loves;
Gay spring before us strews the path with flowers,
And melting music warbles from the bowers;
Down the green slope a wildly winding stream
Murmurs and sparkles to the solar beams;
Sudden the tempest heaven's bright glory shrouds,
And thick and thicker fly the sable clouds;
Through the deep gloom the lightning's livid glare,
Sweeps in broad curves, and seems to fire the air,
While o'er our heads the thunders roll around,
And deafning echos catch the awful sound,
And night's tremendous crew, with aspect pale,
And shape terrific, flit along the vale,
Another flash succeeds, and, lo! the maid
I most revere a lifeless corse is laid!—
Instant, and though with sleep the vision flies,
Should I once more to slumber close my eyes,
Perhaps upon some mountain's breezy brow
We view the ocean's placid waves below,
At distance far the posting sails descry,
Like some fair cloud just dropping from the sky,
And as their safe return we bend to greet,
The faithless bank betrays our trusting feet;
Down down we sink; but I, not doom'd to share,
Unhappy youth! the fortunes of the fair,
Preserv'd from death, and left behind to see,
What doubly wounds my breast, the loss of thee.
In pity, Hannah, to a love like mine,
Send from thy hand the soul-consoling line,
Or, if I may not this full blessing prove,
At least these tortures of suspence remove,
'Tis all I ask;—if, with destructive sway,
Sickness shall tear each bud of bliss away,
Still shall my soul, to generous feelings true,
The path which love and duty point pursue;
Or should celestial health, without alloy,
Lead thee in rapture through the realms of joy,
Thou'lt not forbid my votive muse to stray,
A soft companion on the flow'ry way,
To cull poetic blossoms, and to braid
A breathing garland in th' embow'ring shade,
To deck the ringlets of my lovely maid!

HARLEY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONG.

In vain to me the zephyr blows,
And vainly blooms the vernal bow'r,
Down my sad cheek the tear-drop flows,
And sighs consume the pensive hour:
Ne'er must the briny torrent stay,
Till Delia wipes the tear away;
Ne'er must my bosom cease to sigh,
Till kindness re-illumes her eye.

Why did the gentle maiden rove
From rural scenes, from rural joys?
Why, when I dar'd to disapprove,
Did she resent the friendly voice?
Ah! rather say, thou simple swain,
When Delia left this peaceful plain,
Why did'st not thou, with ready care,
Attend the footsteps of the fair.

Ah! would she bless my longing eyes,
Would she but smile on me once more,
Then ne'er should chiding damp our joys,
Henceforth my every care were o'er:
Then lay thy every care aside,
Sweetly the generous damsel cry'd,
As through the grove, with blushing charms,
She sprung into her Damon's arms.

HARLEY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PSALM 137.

As down in the vale all dejectedly laid,
Her star-pointing turrets where Babylon rears,
When russet-rob'd evening had spread her dun shade,
We mournfully swell'd the slow tide with our tears.

Upon the green willows that wav'd o'er the stream,
Our harps all untun'd we neglectingly hung,
No more we attempted the heart-cheering theme,
No more flow'd the heav'n prompted hymn from our tongue.

When down the low valley, with looks full of pride,
Our laurel-crown'd victors came stately along,
And give us, ye Hebrews, they tauntingly cried,
Come! give us the notes of your Sion's sweet song.

How can we, far distant from Solyma's towers,
Our harps, all untun'd, in soft music employ?
How can we call forth gentle harmony's powers
T'indulge an ill-tim'd, an unnatural joy?

Should I be forgetful of Sion's blest vale,
From my heart should the deep fix'd impressions decay,
May my fingers to guide the gay strings ever fail,
May my tongue still refuse to pour forth the soft lay.

Oh! father, enthron'd in the mansions of love,
Whose frowns can destroy, and whose smile can restore,
May Edom the fate of captivity prove,
And feel the distresses thy people deplore.

For, O! when the sword of the mighty is nigh,
When the hand of destruction spreads horror around,
O'erturn that proud temple exulting they cry,
And level those towers of defence with the ground.

And shortly, ah! Babylon, thou too shalt drain
From the cup of affliction the bitters of woe,
The queen of all nations no more shalt thou reign,
But all thy proud honours be humbled and low.

Nay, blest shall they be who in fury arise,
And pierce at the breast the dear pledges of love,
Whose bosoms regard not the tenderest ties,
Whose pity no moans of misfortune can move.

HARLEY.

SELECTED POETRY.

[A good translation of the works of Anacreon, say the English reviewers, has long been a desideratum in English literature. We are happy to declare it as our opinion that this desideratum is now ably supplied. Mr. MOORE seems to have a clear perception of the peculiar graces of the original, and has not been unsuccessful in transfusing them into his native language. His versification is at once polished and easy; and he has imitated, as far, perhaps, as was possible in a translation, that concise simplicity of phrase, which renders the odes of Anacreon so attractive.]

ODE IX.

I pray thee, by the gods above,
Give me the mighty bowl I love,
And let me sing, in wild delight,
'I will, I will be mad to night!'
Alcmæon once, as legends tell,
Was frenzied by the fiends of hell;
Orestes too, with naked tread,
Frantic pac'd the mountain head;
And why? a murder'd mother's shade
Before their conscious fancy play'd.
But I can ne'er a murderer be,
The grape alone shall bleed by me,
Yet can I rave in wild delight,
'I will, I will, be mad to night.'
The son of Jove, in days of yore,
Imbrued his hands in youthful gore,
And brandish'd, with a maniac joy,
The quiver of the expiring boy;
And Ajax, with tremendous shield,
Infuriate scour'd the guiltless field.
But I, whose hands no quiver hold,
No weapon but this flask of gold,
The trophy of whose frantic hours
Is but a scatter'd wreath of flowers;
Yet, yet can I sing, with wild delight,
'I will, I will be mad to night.

The classical reader, after perusing this sally of jovial enthusiasm, will remember the dulce est desipere, and the non *sanius* bacchabor of the carousing HORACE.

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